

WOMAN CRAZED BY HER FAITH IN FORTUNE TELLER

Mrs. Dinda, Lured by Hope
of Finding Lost Rings,
Sought Seer's Aid.

HER MIND GIVES WAY.

Raves of Weird Rites to Be
Performed and Threatens
Life of Neighbor.

"At last, the rings, the rings, the rings!" So moans Mrs. Paul Dinda, of No. 223 East Eighty-fifth street, in the insane ward of Bellevue Hospital today, victim of F. Neumann, fake fortune teller, of No. 111 West Forty-eighth street. Sunday afternoon it took two doctors, two policemen and a nurse to remove her from the home of Mrs. Joseph Scheffhauser, at No. 223 East Eighty-third street. Up to Saturday she had been a gentle, kind, apparently healthy wife and mother. Sunday, with her baby Helen, seven months old, under one arm and her little girl Elizabeth, of seven years, under the other, she was shrieking:

"Give me the knife; give me the knife; I must kill this black cat and this black chicken!"

Sunday morning, about 3 o'clock, Mrs. Dinda awakened her husband, Paul Dinda, manager of the foreign speaking department of the Metuchen Realty & Improvement Company, in their home, at No. 223 East Eighty-fifth street. She insisted that their two children be stripped naked and put to sleep on the parlor carpet.

"What's the matter?" asked Dinda. "I have the black cat and the black chicken now," replied the wife, "and we will get back the wedding rings we lost so long ago and the gold watch and the \$42 that were stolen from you last summer. But you must first give up that woman, the woman with the blue eyes and the blond hair."

"Neumann, at three o'clock, West Forty-eighth street, has told me all about it. I have paid him \$57 and have only three more to pay, and then he will get the rings and the watch."

Mrs. Dinda, who went over to her neighbor, Mrs. Scheffhauser, and asked her to come over and talk with her wife. When he returned from a business engagement he found the house deserted. Rushing over to the Scheffhausers' he was just in time to see Mrs. Dinda carping, biting and screaming to the ambulance.

Nine years ago, just before her marriage, Mrs. Dinda had the misfortune to lose two wedding rings which her sweetheart had engraved with their initials and given to her for safe keeping, and ever since then she has had her heart set on recovering them. According to her friend, Mrs. Scheffhauser, she first went to consult Neumann about two months ago, after the theft of her husband's gold watch and chain.

**HOBOKEN ELOPERS CAUGHT;
TRACED BY GIRL'S SISTER.**

Pair Found in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., After Ten Days' Search—Man Held on Abduction Charge.

(Special to The Evening World.)
WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Dec. 6.—After a search of several days Benjamin Chamerisky of Hoboken, N. J., who is charged with the abduction of fifteen-year-old Leona Bler of the same place, was arrested by the police here today. He admitted that the girl was in this city and gave her address, Miss Bler was also taken into custody as a witness. The couple were traced to this city by the girl's elder sister and L. W. Hober of Hoboken.

The girl disappeared from her home on Nov. 26, and her family suspected that Chamerisky, with whom she is believed to have been infatuated, had snatched her away. The parents had objected to her attentions to Leona owing to her youthfulness. He is ten years older than she. The girl when found said that she would have to be paid from Chamerisky's wit bitterly. After she has given testimony against the man Leona will be taken home.

"Holy Jumper" to Be Deported.
Lillian Maude Allan, the English convert to the "Pillar of Fire" sect, will be deported, according to the decision rendered yesterday by the Ellis Island Board of Inquiry, in spite of the efforts of representatives of the organization to have her admitted to the country.

XTRAS
During the next three weeks additional help will be needed by nearly every storekeeper in the city.

Clerks, messengers, cashiers, drivers &c., will be in greater demand than ever before.

It is an interesting fact that

The World printed 52,720 "Help Wanted" advertisements last month—\$1,960 more than all the other New York morning papers combined.

You may depend upon it that where extra Christmas helpers are wanted the news will be first printed in the advertising columns of The World.

"World Ads. Lead Because They Succeed."

All New Yorkers Strive for Power; That Is Why So Many Are Unhappy

The Things They Seek
Are Not Worth While,
Says Alice Mary Buckton,
English Writer of
Mystery Play.

But They Are Eager and
Lovable, Though So-
phisticated --- No One
Can Tell Yet What the
People of This City Will
Be.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

"The people of New York pant for power."
"They try to do too much, and in consequence do nothing thoroughly."
"This is a city of eagerness, of sophistication and of youth; different from any other city in the world."

So we seem to be an aesthetic, an English devotee of the beautiful. For these are the words of Miss Alice Mary Buckton, author of "Eager Heart," a Christmas mystery play, which has run through thirteen editions of 1,000, and of several ballads and books of short poems well known in Great Britain. Miss Buckton, who is visiting New York for the first time, is here to supervise the production of her play to be given at Carnegie Lyceum early in January.

"New Yorkers are sophisticated and youthful," I marvelled, wondering whether ladies who write religiously ever fail to speak paradoxically.

New Yorkers Childish.
"Yes, the people of New York are sophisticated," said Miss Buckton, "but maybe I should say childish in their sophistication rather than youthful."

And one could not but see that if Miss Buckton were not so modest she would have liked to add that all our little artifices were quite plain to her. She has the keen face of one who sees much, has this Miss Buckton. One would not take her for a dreamer, were one to judge by her rather large, thin features and the firm modelling of her jaw. Even her eyes, soft and clear, have the little trick of narrowing which comes from looking at things squarely and closely. Last night, in the apartment of a friend, where she was dining, and where she received me, there was something picturesquely medieval about Miss Buckton's almost gaunt figure, swathed in its black velvets.

"So we pant for power?" I prompted.

People Here Unhappy.
"Everything in New York is for power," answered Miss Buckton.

"Every one in this city is striving for the power of personality or the power of money. That is why, I think, so many of the people here are unhappy. The things for which they are striving are not worth while."

"Oh, if one's desires are simple, are natural, how much happiness there is in life. But what contentment can come in working for false gods? The work must be for the joy of the making. I like that phrase, 'Please remember to use it—the joy of the making.' That is the way I wrote 'Eager Heart.' That is the way I want it always to be acted, I want the performers to give their time freely, just for the joy of the making. I do not even have the names of the performers printed upon the programme. I want it—the performance—to be as aloof as possible."

"And have you found New York sympathizes with your ideas?" I asked.

"It has understood perfectly," smiled Miss Buckton; "that is one of the lovable traits of New York's youth."

"You still insist we are young?" I queried.

Eager and Lovable.
"Eager, lovable, sophisticated and young," replied Miss Buckton. "You are still very much in the making."

"No one can tell yet what the people of this city are going to be, where their aims are taking them. I am very sure they do not know themselves. New York has seemed more like a huge dynamo to me than anything else."

"At least if we are as young as you say," I suggested, "we are not going as directly to our goal as we might. A child takes a hundred steps to a grown person's one."

"Well, I fancy the people of New York do not pursue their aims as directly as they might," agreed Miss Buckton. "For one thing I think you try to do too much."

"The people of this city undertake too much. No human being could do all the things one man or woman living in New York will try to do. It seems to be in the air, the tremendous restlessness and energy."

"But I think it would be better to do fewer things and do them better. As it is now, the average New Yorker has a smattering of everything and a thorough knowledge of nothing."

All of which, if you pause and think it over, is not without insight, from a lady who lives in London, and writes poetry and mystery plays.

Peary for Rear-Admiral.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—A recommendation to Congress for the retirement of Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, as a rear-admiral in recognition and reward for his services as an explorer was added to the annual report of Secretary of the Navy Meyer yesterday. It is believed that a request from the White House caused the elevation of Peary to the rank of rear-admiral.

Woman Driven Insane by Belief in Fortune Teller; Her Children



MRS. PAUL DINDA
AND
HER CHILDREN
ELIZABETH
AND HELEN

Hobble Skirts to Be "Let Out;" Waist Line Is a Lost Wanderer

Not a Sob'll Be Heard for the Hobble.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—The hobble skirt must go is the dictum of the National Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Association, in session here. The Board of Styles, however, hastens to announce that it has invented "something better."

"The Style Committee is resolved to stick to the practical henceforth," said Hugo Stein, chairman. "The hobble skirt was a failure, because it was not practical. We have a substitute for it, much less extreme, but novel, and at the same time highly practical. It is bound to be a huge success."

The spring style for 1911 will be an expansion of the present hobble—expanded enough to allow free and dignified use of feet and limbs. As for the jacket, it will be shorter and not so much like a man's long coat. The collar will be larger.

New Waist Line an Unplaced Line.
LONDON, Dec. 6.—Fashionable women do not know yet where their waist line is to be this winter. It may be the natural waist or it may be located just beneath the arm-pits, after the manner dictated by the Empire.

Several of the leading dressmakers last fall adopted the high waisted fashions and gave to the public the short bodice favored by the Empress Josephine and her ladies at the Court of Napoleon. One of the most noted designers, however, refused to accept the change and foretold the present rivalry between the two fashions, asserting that the short waist had its day too recently to please the majority now.

A compromise between the two fashions is being made by means of a wide sash that extends upward from the natural waist line. No attempt is being made to introduce the wasp waist, but merely a neat, trim waist that insures comfort to the wearer.

PRESENT TO GIRL CAUSES FIANCE'S ARREST AS THIEF

Guest Invited to Wedding To-
Day Identifies Watch as
Her Property.

Miss Alice Smith, eighteen years old, of No. 109 Golden street, Jersey City, and John J. Dolan, who was not married today as they had been expected because young Dolan had been arrested charged with the larceny of a watch, which he had given Miss Smith as a wedding present.

Miss Smith called on Mrs. Barbara Dimmers, of No. 24 Grand street, Jersey City, last night to ask Mrs. Dimmers to be a guest at the wedding today. Then she showed Mrs. Dimmers the watch Dolan had given her.

"That's the watch that was stolen from me," exclaimed Mrs. Dimmers. When Dolan called at Miss Smith's house last night a policeman was waiting for him. A watch found on Dolan after his arrest was identified by Miss Smith as her property.

Dolan swore that he had bought the watch tickets for the watches and redeemed them. He gave the police the name of the man from whom he bought the tickets.

Whatever
Kind of Work
You Do

Grape-Nuts

FOOD
Will help you do it Better.

"There's a Reason"

TAXI STRIKE ENDED BY FALL OF SNOW; 1,200 GO TO WORK

Empty Treasury and Demand
for Machines in Storm Bring
About Settlement.

UNION DENIES DEFEAT.

Points of Difference, Except
Wearing of Button, Will
Now Be Arbitrated.

The union's empty treasury and the tremendous demand for taxicabs that followed the heavy fall of snow combined to bring a swift settlement of the chauffeurs' strike today, and before noon 1,200 strikers had gone back to work.

In settling the strike the men not only waived their demand for a closed shop, but also waived for a year the privilege of wearing their union button.

The wearing of the button was the rock upon which Mayor Gaynor's compromise foundered. The Mayor had brought the union and the employers together on every other phase of their disagreement. The owners refused to permit the wearing of the button and the men declared they would never go back to work under any other terms.

When the members of the employers' association sent out word that they were willing to take back every striker who had not been convicted of rioting and assault during the strike the men replied with one voice that they would go back. As fast as the strikers turned up at the garages of the various taxicab companies they were sent out with cars.

Victory in Defeat.
As the men left union headquarters at No. 181 Eighth avenue to go to work, Charles W. Forster, Secretary-treasurer of the Union gave out his final statement regarding the settlement.

"This may look like a big defeat," he said, "but as a matter of fact it is not. During the four weeks the men have been out of work we have added 500 names to the union rolls and the organization is stronger now than it ever has been."

"It was Mayor Gaynor's order placing city policemen on the taxicabs which enabled the companies to hold out as long as they did and that was a thing which we could not combat."

"The union is going to give a ball to-night at Grand Central Palace, and it will be far from a mourning ceremony. As a matter of fact, it will be a celebration of the fact that we have an organization now which is so strong that the employers can take advantage of us, even if they choose to do so."

Arbitrate Demands Now.
"Even demand other than that for the privilege to wear the union button will now be arbitrated by the companies and committees of their employees, and we are sure to be in much better shape than we were before the strike. We know that the taxicab owners have lost thousands of dollars since we went out and that they will hesitate long before taking any action which would precipitate further trouble."

It was announced that the White Hats of America, an organization of vaudeville performers, and associated with the American Federation of Labor, will furnish a volunteer bill for the benefit of the chauffeurs to-night.

Hale's Honey
Of Norehound and Tar

Loosens the Phlegm
Alleviates Irritation
Arrests Tickling
Soothes and Heals
Contains no opium
nor anything injurious
All Truggles

For Coughs and Colds

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute

KIDNAPPED BOY GIVEN TO FATHER IN BRIDGE CROWD

Mr. Cirincion Hurries Over
From Union Hill in Response
to Mysterious Note.

Six-year-old Peter Cirincion, kidnapped by two men with a basket phaeton and two white ponies late in September from near his home at No. 414 Hackensack plank road, Union Hill, is back with his father and mother and brothers and sisters today. He was delivered to his father in the Brooklyn Bridge crowd in the after-theatre rush last night. His father, a wealthy Armenian linen manufacturer, did not stop to question the kidnappers once he had the boy in his arms. He simply made the fastest time he could to the Barclay Street Ferry. There was an all-night rejoicing.

Mr. Cirincion did not go to his office today. Mostly he was occupied in receiving congratulations over the telephone. Nobody was allowed to talk to little Peter. Members of the family, asked what story he told of his adventure, made the same reply.

Didn't Remember Anything.
"He doesn't remember anything," they said. "He is only a little boy. He doesn't know anything about it."

The Hoboken and Union Hill police, who have been trying for weeks to get some trace of the child and of the men who stole him, grinned sarcastically over this. They know that a bright youngster of Peter's age has done nothing but talk since he found himself at home. But they have given up hope of breaking through the family's wall of silence, which they believe is built by a threat of the kidnappers.

Peter was on his way home from school when the man with the two white ponies stopped to talk with them and offered to take the baby for a little ride. When they went home and told of his not coming back Mr. Cirincion called the police in a hurry. They traced the phaeton to the Weehawken ferry and to Forty-second street, Manhattan.

Made Demand for Money.
So far as the police know, the next word received of Peter was in a note thrust under the door of the Cirincion home, saying that some night soon a messenger would call at night for a sum of money—Mr. Cirincion would not tell the police how much—and would deliver the boy on its payment.

Capt. Krieger kept detectives inside the vestibule of the house for two weeks. No messenger came. But last evening Mr. Cirincion found another note under the door, telling him to go to the Brooklyn Bridge entrance at eleven o'clock last night. He refused to tell whether this note also contained a demand for money.

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money. He acted without notifying the police.
"I am sure I was followed from my home," he says, "for as soon as I walked under the bridge entrance a man whom I never saw before tapped me on the shoulder and asked my name. He took me back into the crowd, where there was another man holding little Peter in his arms. They gave him to me and I came straight home. I was too happy to ask them questions or try to find out who they were and I do not care. I have my boy again."

Little Peter was dressed in the clothes he wore when he was stolen. He was fat and seemed to have been kindly treated. He said the strangers let him play around the house with other children and in their front yard. More of what he told the Cirincions are keeping to themselves.

Such a Handy Gift for Men!

And There's Nothing
Nicer for Your Personal Use!

The HANDIEST POSSIBLE way to carry your bills. So much Thinner, so much Lighter, and so much HANDIER than any other bill fold, wallet or cardcase.

Bills Go In or Out in a Second

Patented Aug. 24, '09
HANDY BILL FOLD
Everybody Likes It, Everybody Wants It

The perfectly simple, two "fold" construction is what makes it so EASY to handle, so THIN, so LIGHT. Why not get one at once for yourself—so that you need fumble no longer with cardcase or wallet—so that you run no risk of dropping a bill unobserved—so that you may remove or insert a bill QUICKLY, with your gloves on? And why not give one to each of your men friends for Christmas?

88 Stores in Greater New York sell Handy Bill Folds—All the Big Dept. Stores, and the Leading Stationers and Leather Goods Dealers

Fourteen Different Styles
Something new—Handy Bill Fold with COIN PURSE. Especially popular for ladies use. Read the Descriptive Leaflet to
HANDY BILL FOLD CO.
41 Union Sq., New York.

50c to \$3

Simplicity itself! Bills go in or out in a second, without fuss or fumble.

Money cheerfully refunded on all unsatisfactory purchases

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Something for Nothing

JUST to live things up at a time when the most of us are counting pennies for the Christmas Gifts, we offer you this golden opportunity to lay in a stock of seasonable goodies at our expense.

FREE A 45c Bottle of Gordon & Dillworth's Punches (Choice Fruits in Brandy for making Punch), with every \$3.00 purchase in our Grocery Department.

FREE 1 Regular Size Package Lipton's Jelly Tablets with every half pound of Lipton's Tea at 30c.

FREE 1 Bottle of Van Duzer's Lemon, Orange or Vanilla Extract with every 3 pounds of our Fancy Creamery Butter in Prints for \$1.00.

FREE A can of Sunbeam Brand Peas with every 5 pounds of Chase & Sanborn's Blend Coffee for \$1.00.

FREE A Bottle of Re Umberto Olive Oil with every Smoked Ham, Roasted Virginia Style, for 18c lb.

FREE A 1/2 pound package of Blecker & Simons Royal Chop Formosa, Oolong Tea with every \$1.00 purchase of canned goods in our Grocery Department.

FREE A regular size package of Quaker Corn Flakes with every Leg of Spring Lamb (Roasted if desired) at 18c lb.

MEAT SPECIALS

This Week Only

Fancy Philadelphia Roasting Chickens, Roasted and Stuffed if desired..... 22c lb.
Porter House Steaks..... 24c lb.
Legs of Lamb..... 18c lb.
Smoked Hams..... 18c lb.
Prime Rib Roast..... 22c lb.
Fricassee Chickens..... 18c lb.
Jersey Free Range..... 18c lb.
Loins of Jersey Pork..... 17c lb.

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Baumann
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Write for Lists of these Outfits on Credit \$20.00

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